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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1904.

Forest Reservations.

One Proposed in New Hampshire Mountain Region.

A proposal was recently made to purchase a large tract of forest land in the heart of the White Mountains as a Government reservation, but very little favor has been shown to the plan by the general public. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is strongly in favor of it, but other people object, apparently on the ground that there is no need of benefiting the people of one section of country at the expense of the rest of the country, or on the ground that the people of the tract in question are making too much money by hotel keeping to want to sell it. These two views cannot very easily be reconciled, but the fact is that both are held by people who have no vital interest in the plan.

The truth of the matter is this: that, owing to the greed of commercialists, large tracts of this mountain region, as in similar regions elsewhere, have been denuded of forest, which not only makes a difference in the climate of the surrounding country, but destroys the beauty of some of the most charming scenery we have. The proposed reservation in the Appalachian region ought to be purchased, without any doubt, because the ranges of the Appalachian region cannot be shorn of their woodlands without affecting several States; and the States most affected have no power to stop the deforesting by legislation, because they lie outside the mountain region in question. In the case of the White Mountains the considerations are more esthetic than practical.

The thing which makes the question of the White Mountain reservation one of immediate interest is the pulp mill industry. This industry, which has sprung up within a few years, has created a new and curious set of conditions. The lumbermen, at any rate, took only the big trees, and it was to their interest to leave large tracts here and there to be reforested; the lath mills and the paper mills take saplings and all. A mountain over which the employes of these mills have gone is shaved clean of everything but underbrush. The result is increased dryness of climate, and the result of that is that a stray spark may set the woods afire and finish the work of destruction, in places not yet touched by the vandals. Obviously, the only way of stopping this is by purchase and deliberate reforesting, on the ground that a beautiful place is as well worth preserving as a beautiful edifice is worth building.

The abandoned farm has, through the pulp mill, acquired new value, and farmers who were unable to keep their pastures and hay lands in good condition, and have allowed them to grow up into thickets of spruce and hemlock, are now crowing over their neighbors, because the pulp mill pays better prices for their wood than the farmer of the lowlands can get for his produce. It is altogether a queer situation, but the upshot of it all will be the absolute removal of the forests and the spoiling of exquisite scenery, if something is not done to prevent the vandalism.

An Archaic Remnant.

A School Trustee in New Brunswick, N. J., Objects to Darwinism.

They have had a conflict of opinion in New Brunswick, N. J., regarding the use of a certain botany in the public schools. One of the trustees, backed by others, objected to it because, he said, it contained the teachings of Darwin. His objection was sustained against the arguments of the teachers of science, and the book was discarded. The instruction given in that school will be remarkably progressive.

It seems as if by this time our schools, in the remotest corners of the country, might be freed from the clutches of unscientific prejudice, and most of them undoubtedly are. When the Darwinian theory first became known in this land, it was known chiefly as the theory that man was descended from the ape. Manifestly, this has nothing to do with botany. It is possible that the trustee in question—he was a clergyman—studied his botany according to the old-fashioned system, and wished to have that taught in the schools.

There is really no conscience in a contention of this kind. It is more prejudiced vanity than anything else. People do not like to feel that the ideas which they have been taught are antiquated and out of date. It is not so much that they think that certain scientific ideas are contrary to religion, as that they have been taught this and do not like to think that for so many years they have been wrong. Is it conceivable that there is any possible good in teaching a child scientific theories which, when he reaches years of discretion and goes to a higher school, he will inevitably be obliged to discard? Will such a course lead him to respect his early teachers, or not?

Really, it seems as if some of the lack of respect for their elders, of which the younger generation has been so often accused, were due to the pig-headed prejudice of the elders themselves. If people will not take the trouble to keep up with modern thought, if they will not even believe that the leaders of modern thought know what they are talking about, how can they expect to retain the respect of their children for their intellectual ideas? The respect of the children for the character and ideals of the father will be unabated if that character and those ideals are worthy of respect; but the time has passed when people can, or will, force themselves to accept as facts statements which are against reason.

The Rock in the Way.

A Question Which Confronts All Civic Reformers.

Reform in this country has reached that stage in which it is not taken quite seriously or quite as a joke. The reformer is no longer laughed at so cordially as he was a few years ago; the success of certain determined men of common sense has made the spoilsmen cautious, but still he is likely to be confronted with that typical question of the audacious man who has the public by the throat and knows it:

"What are you going to do about it?"

Unless he is prepared to do something about it, the reformer might just as well talk to the fishes as to the average public of this country. This is a truth which many reformers are beginning to realize, and just in proportion as they are convinced of it they will succeed. The first necessity, in the case of anything wrong, is to know that there is something wrong; the next step is to know what it is; the third is to know what to do about it.

The public may be told that theaters and public buildings in this country have been constructed with a careless disregard of safety; it may be told that rich men are dodging taxes and understating the amount of their possessions; that a hundred other things are going on which are either against the law or just on the edge of lawbreaking; and the public, echoing the offenders, will say:

"What are you going to do about it?"

The problem which is at present crying for solution is that of getting the streets and sidewalks clear of snow, when a few thousand property owners prefer paying a fine to cleaning off the snow.

What are we going to do about it?

Dogs and Citizens.

The Relative Regard of the Government for the Two.

There is some truth in the statement made by an indignant citizen in the discussion of the car system by the East Washington Citizens' Association, that the District Commissioners have more regard for the city dogs than for those who pay taxes. He referred to the proposed expenditure of $24,800 for a dog pound, while various enterprises conducive to the comfort of the people of Washington are shelved. The Citizens' Association made a strong plea for better car service in East Washington, and for public comfort stations.

If dogs were compelled to sit around and wait, on a freezing day, in the little open shed provided at the transfer station of the Brightwood Railway, the society with the long name would be after the owners, but the people of Brightwood do not bring their dogs, if they have any, into town on the cars. There is barely room for the people.

Protest was made by this same society with the long name against the overcrowding of sheep in railway trains; and at rush hours, and sometimes at other times, many of the citizens of Washington have had an opportunity to learn just how a sheep feels when it is packed into a car and cannot move anything but its ears.

The sum of $25,000 for a dog pound, and about $250, judging from appearances, for the roof over the heads of the unfortunate citizens of Brightwood who have to wait half an hour or thereabouts for their car, and then take the chance of being able to get into it! The discrepancy is odd.

Perils of Life in India.

Terrifying Reports as to the Dangers From Snakes and Wild Beasts.

A recent report to the effect that 23,000 people have died in India in the past year from snake-bite and the attacks of wild animals may cause the average reader to suppose that that country is as full of snakes as a drunkard's imagination. But, when one remembers that India contains about four times as many people as this country—two hundred and eighty millions, or thereabouts—the proportion of deaths from snake-bite does not seem so alarming.

There is another factor in the situation which is not generally known, and which has a certain bearing on our own government of Oriental peasants. It was stated by a highly educated Hindu, in answer to some such allegation, that the majority of deaths reported to be from snake-bite are really from some other cause. The people in remote villages do not like governmental red tape. When a person in such a community dies from some contagious disease, or as a result of a private quarrel, it is not at all uncommon for the people to bury the body quickly, and report a death from snake-bite, to avoid official inquiry. The consequence is that the snakes get the blame for bad sanitation, carelessness in regard to quarantine, and private feuds, and as they do not mind, the people do not mind, and the government does not know, all is serene and comfortable. Such is life amid the millions of an alien race.

The Russian "Novoe Vremya" accuses the United States of wanting to gobble China and Russia. They must think, over there, that our national emblem is the anaconda.

Daniel M. Lord, of Chicago, says that having reached the age of sixty years he will retire, and enjoy life. The important point to younger men is whether his money will retire from active business when he does.

Bourke Cockran says that this country is the hoodlum among the nations, but it is not thought that he would refuse another chance to act as its representative.

Secretary Wilson is trying to find out who gets the profit on beef, and it proves to be so unprofitable, this beef business, that nobody is in it except for the good of the country.

It is now the task of Columbia University to convince the country that she has culture to burn, if it would make good fuel.

There has been another trolley car hold-up in Chicago. The Chicago trolley car is coming to be almost dangerous enough to furnish material for the novelist.

The Sultan of Morocco is breaking up graft in his dominions, and it is Mr. Hearst's manifest duty to send a special correspondent over there and get a signed article on the subject.

Secretary Cortelyou can get along without a carriage appropriation for his department. He has an automobile.

General Grosvenor and James Breck Perkins have had a tilt over the question of docked horses, but the horse himself never had a chance to say whether it hurts.

A heartless woman inspector in New Jersey disguised herself as an unskilled laborer and went into certain factories to find out things about the employment of children, and the owners of those factories are now unanimously against women in office.

Ex-Secretary Root does not talk often, but when he does talk, the public does not have to stand around for half a day trying to guess what he means.

Churches which have been hit by the building ordinances are now trying to prove that a church is safer than a theater. Our grandfathers would have been amazed at the idea of its being necessary for anybody to prove that.

The question, who wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb?" is now occupying the attention of the literary critics. They will probably find out about it soon after it is discovered who struck Billy Patterson.

The treatise by Whistler on "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," which has just been republished, can be confidently recommended to various political leaders as a campaign document.

AND I SHALL NEVER KNOW.

Sometime, somewhere, I shall be sleeping
That sleep of strange serenity,
With grasses growing over me,
While stars their world-watch will be keeping,
Or day will show fair pageantry—
And I shall never see.

Perchance a bird will pause in flying,
And in a song, soft-cadenced, clear,
Will voice its ecstasy anear;
Sweet breezes o'er me will be sighing
A lullaby to charm the ear—
And I shall never hear.

And then, ah me! dear ones that love me,
Sometime, as years shall come and go,
From haunts of life's unceasing flow,
Will sadly come and bend above me,
To speak love's language sweet and low—
And I shall never know.

—Margaret Manning, Boston Transcript.

MICHIGAN PLAN MAY BE ADOPTED IN NEW YORK

Republicans, Fearful of Result in November, May Pass Law Permitting Each District to Choose Elector.

The fear of the loss of New York this fall has moved some Republicans to suggest the advisability of adopting the Michigan plan of dividing the electoral vote of that State in the forthcoming election. This, it is argued, would place Republican victory beyond all question of doubt, although in taking it the Republicans would admit the weakness of their position and the possibility of defeat under the present system of choosing electors.

The Michigan plan is well remembered by politicians, although it may have been forgotten by the public at large. It is a scheme whereby one party, temporarily in control of a State, and fearing that it will be unable to continue that control in a Presidential election, plans to divide the electoral vote of the State by a law which permits each Congressional district to choose one elector independently and the State at large two. That plan worked admirably in 1892, and gave Grover Cleveland five electoral votes in that year against seven for Benjamin Harrison, notwithstanding the fact that the State was Republican by a majority of upward of 29,000.

The Cleveland Election.

It happened this way. The Democrats were doing everything within their power to add to the certainty of the election of Cleveland. They had advised the Democrats in Nebraska—and William J. Bryan was one of them—and in Kansas and other Western States where Populism was then strong, to support the Weaver ticket, so that if Cleveland did not have a clear majority in the Electoral College the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives, which was overwhelmingly Democratic and would choose Cleveland. Then they went a little further and determined to divide the electoral vote of Michigan, which was, as it is now, a Republican State.

The Democratic tidal wave of 1890 had swept the Democrats temporarily into power in that State, and had elected a Democratic Legislature and governor. Accordingly, a law was passed to enable each Congressional district to choose its own elector, and two to be chosen by the State at large. It was well known that several of the Congressional districts of Michigan were then Democratic. The law was held to be constitutional, and although it has since been repealed by a Republican Legislature, it sufficed to give Cleveland five of the electoral votes of that State.

Might Work in New York.

The same thing, it is pointed out, might now be done in New York to the advantage of the Republicans. In order to win, the Democrats must have the entire thirty-nine electoral votes of the Empire State. Without them their case is absolutely hopeless. The Republicans might win without New York, but their chances would be greatly reduced and they would probably lose the election. A change of less than 600 votes in that State in 1884 would have defeated Cleveland and elected Blaine.

The Democrats might again carry New York by a margin of 1,000 votes and thus possibly win the election with New York's thirty-nine electoral votes, but they would be hopeless with the New York electoral vote divided on the Michigan plan. At present the Democrats control seventeen of the thirty-seven districts, and the Republicans twenty, and the same proportion might be maintained if the Presidential electors were chosen by Congressional districts individually, and not by the popular vote of the State at large.

Would Mean Disaster.

To have a majority in the State at large would therefore bring the Democrats only two additional votes over the number of Congressional districts which they were able to carry. Thus, instead of getting the entire thirty-nine votes of New York, they could not possibly get more than twenty, and the loss of nineteen votes in this matter would put them quite out of the Presidential race, inasmuch as they will have difficulty enough as it is to find enough electoral votes outside of New York and the Solid South to make the necessary 239 in the electoral college.

The circumstance seldom happens where a party is in control of a State immediately preceding a Presidential election, and entertains so grave a fear of losing it as do the Republicans now with regard to New York. They have both branches of the Legislature and the governor, and could easily pass such a law, which would give them at least half of the electoral vote of the State, beyond all question of doubt, and make the election of Roosevelt certain. On the other hand, there is no State where the Democrats are in control and where they could retaliate.

Of course, Republicans will not generally admit they expect to lose New York, but they fear they will, nevertheless, and to make a move to adopt the Michigan plan would be an evidence of weakness, and, of course, bring forth much comment and criticism, but at the same time it would make the election of the Republican national ticket practically certain, and leave the Democrats absolutely hopeless.

HAWLEY UP IN ARMS AGAINST ROOSEVELT

National Committeeman R. B. Hawley, of Texas, has informed President Roosevelt that he will no longer act as referee of Federal appointments in his State, because a number of Mr. Howley's recommendations have been rejected.

The trouble between the President and Mr. Hawley has lasted for a long period. It started when the President turned down Mr. Hawley's recommendation of C. K. McDowell as mashal of the Northern district of Texas, and named George Green in his place. Other of his recommendations have also been overlooked. His friendship for Senator Hanna is well known, and it is intimated he may try to keep the delegation from Roosevelt.

BECOMES MAIL CARRIER.

John A. Biggs has been appointed a rural free delivery carrier at Montvale, Va., with Howard E. Price named as substitute.

BOSTON ART CLUB ALARMED OVER PICTURE

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—Members of the Copley Society of Artists are very much disturbed because of reports that the society was in a dilemma over the prospects of the appearance at the coming exhibition of the Whistler portrait of Richard Canfield, the New York gambler, on the walls with pictures of Mrs. Jack Gardner and other leaders of fashion.

Information concerning the Canfield exhibit was obtained from the official list given out by the society. Canfield lends seventeen Whistler portraits, among them his own.

When asked whether the society would raise objection to hanging Canfield's portrait, the president, Holker Abbott, said he was not sure that Canfield would send it. Then he was asked if, in case Canfield sent his own portrait with the others, the society would object to giving it the place.

The reply was that he didn't know of any reason why he society should object.

THE..... PERSONAL SIDE....

GIVES DEVIL HIS DUE.

One of the most affable and approachable men who ever entered public service in Washington is M. W. Miller, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior. When he sees a friend or is introduced to a stranger he has a greeting that makes the President's "delighted" look like an Englishman's "Ah, glad to meet you, really."

Another distinguishing trait of Mr. Miller is his fairness in discussing politics. He is from Indiana, and served a long sentence at an editorial desk in Lafayette, his home. His political and newspaper experiences have made him acquainted with pretty much everybody of consequence in the State. When asked about Democratic candidates for office in Indiana Mr. Miller frequently remarks that "So-and-so is a fine man, and if elected would be a credit to the position."

This readiness to give credit to his friend, the enemy, does not indicate any party weakness on the part of Mr. Miller, but comes from a natural sense of fairness, which makes him a refreshing conversationalist in these days of bitter political feuds.

WHITNEY ON THE TURF.

"When a man's down and out and needs a friend, that's the time he wants to find just such a man as William C. Whitney."

The foregoing tribute to the statesman, sportsman, and business man who died Tuesday is from James Bryan, of 102 First Street northwest, whose place of business is near the Capitol. His knowledge of William C. Whitney was gathered on the race tracks at Saratoga, Sheepshead Bay, and Benning. When Mr. Bryan heard of the death of Mr. Whitney he said:

"There's many a poor devil who follows the turf and who perhaps has a few horses in the running who will mourn the death of Mr. Whitney. They tell me he was worth many millions, and that by birth and education he was an aristocrat, but his special cars from one race track to another have carried more 'deadhead' runners than they have the horses of his own stables.

"I remember on one occasion, at Sheepshead Bay, a poverty-stricken chap from the West, who had been down on his luck, and was hardly able to buy fodder for the few skates that remained in his stables. It was just before get-away day, and there was a big jump. In sheer desperation the stranded turfman approached Mr. Whitney in the paddock and laid his case before him.

"'Why, my man, you must never give up the ship,' said Mr. Whitney, 'I've lost too many races not to know what the game is. Cheer up; my cars pull out of here tonight. You can put two horses in each of them and not crowd me in the least. If you have any trouble about stable accommodations, tell my trainer that I said to see you through;' and the great turfman hurriedly scratched a few words on his card, and handed it over to the Westerner.

"That's only one instance," said Bryan, "but if you were to ask Green Morris, John E. Madden, J. W. Rogers, Chris Fitzgerald, the starter; Vosburgh, the handicapper; or any of the well-informed men on the race track, they would tell you that Whitney had the biggest and kindliest heart of any man identified with the turf in this country. From the tiny stable boys to the chesty and high-priced jockeys, there was no one who in trouble could not approach Mr. Whitney and find a willing ear and a helping hand.

"Yes," continued Mr. Bryan, "if there's any gratitude in this world, there'll be a big army of mourners for William Whitney, besides the 'swells' that will throng the fashionable church in New York where his funeral will take place."

WORK OF MR. WHITNEY.

Before the days of the late William C. Whitney there were no models of warships in the corridors of the Navy Department. Mr. Whitney asked Admiral Hichborn to build models of different types of vessels which were under construction.

The first were built showing only one side of the vessels. This did not suit Mr. Whitney. He ordered models which would show the warships complete, and had the original ones placed in the reception room at the Navy Department.

Finally, the number of models became so large that they found their way into the corridors, where they now form the chief attraction at the Navy Department for visitors, especially for young boys. The models of the Columbia and several other vessels which now stand in the corridors were made under Mr. Whitney's instructions.

The manufacture of these models was the means of bringing persons who live inland into closer touch with naval affairs, and was the beginning of the great campaign of naval education instituted by Mr. Whitney, which has resulted in the increase in the navy.

Models have been sent to all expositions, and the public now has a knowledge of battleships which was formerly confined to naval constructors.

FURNITURE TO FIT HIM.

Secretary Taft is just twice as big as his predecessor, Mr. Root. The present Secretary of War weighs 320, and Mr. Root weighs just 160 pounds.

After he had taken the oath yesterday Secretary Taft walked into the private office of the War Secretary and sat down in the chair which Mr. Root has occupied for many years. The chair creaked ominously, and when Mr. Taft got up the chair stayed with him. It was such a close fit he asked a messenger to summon a cabinetmaker and have a "man's size" chair made for him.

Then the new Secretary tried Mr. Root's desk. He could scarcely get one leg under it, and when the cabinetmaker arrived he was also given an order for a desk which would fit the new head of the department.

Secretary Taft's 320 pounds does not prevent him from being one of the most active men in the Cabinet. Three rings, the Secretary's call, will seldom be heard by the War Department elevator conductors. Yesterday afternoon when Secretary Taft left his office he started to walk down the stairs. A messenger called to him:

"This way to the elevator, Mr. Secretary."

"I'd rather walk down," Secretary Taft replied as he ran down the steps at a pace which would give War Department messengers heart failure.

ATTORNEY CHASE KNEW.

Larceny of four flasks containing half a pint of whisky each was the charge against Walter Ashton in the Police Court yesterday. Frederick Frankie, the proprietor of a "grog shop," was the complainant. Ashton was sent to jail for thirty days.

While the trial was in progress Attorney Chase, representing the prisoner, raised a question as to whether the fluid in the flasks was whisky or vinegar. Judge Scott admitted that he had removed the cork from one of the bottles and had taken a smell.

"I know, judge," said Chase. "I saw you smile. But I haven't heard anyone say he would swear there was whisky in those 'ticklers.'"

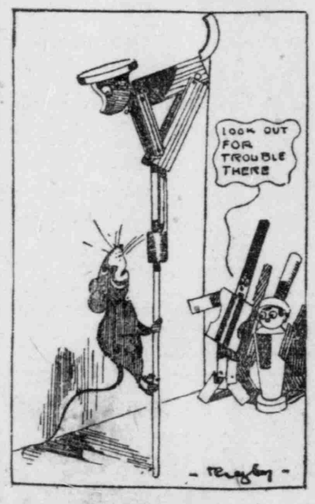
"I don't know of any way of determining what they contain," said the judge.

"If your honor will pardon me," said Chase, "I think I know a way," and he forthwith removed the cork from one of the flasks, took a swallow, and then informed the court that the "ticklers" did have whisky in them after all.

MR. HOTHEAD'S GAS BILL

IT MAKES HIM LOSE HIS TEMPER AND BREAK A VALUABLE LAMP.

NO TRESPASSING.



Monkey-on-the-Stick — Get down, there! Don't you see there is no room up here for you?

WHY HE LAUGHED.

"What are you laughing at? I don't see anything funny in this show."

"I'm laughing at the people who paid to get in. I didn't."

UP TO DATE.

"Say! What on earth are you doing with those lightning rods on your horns?"

"Didn't you hear about it? Why, I'm head station for a new wireless telegraph company."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Pug Tab—No, there is no use arguing with me. I won't fight that black Tom next door—I draw the color line!